

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

Moral Sketches of prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic; with Reflections on Prayer. By Hannah More. The Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 518. London, 1819.

FEW writers of the present day have acquired so much celebrity as Mrs. Hannah More; and in an age that has produced so many females, distinguished for their literary talents, this lady maintains a decided superiority. The numerous works she has written, (and, we believe, this is the twentieth volume,) have been honoured with that success to which their strong moral and patriotic feeling entitles them. To correct the vices of the age, aid the instruction of the rising generation, and maintain the supremacy of religion, have been the objects of all her works: and, although the present volume may be more strongly tinged with what is termed Methodism, than her former productions, it is marked by the same earnestness in the cause of morality and of our country.

These sketches embrace a variety of subjects, as,—French Opinion of English Society,—English Opinion of French Society,—On Soundness of Judgment and Consistency in Conduct,—Novel Opinions in Religion,—Exertions of Pious Ladies,—Unprofitable Reading, &c.

Under the head of Foreign Sketches, and in a preface of some length, Mrs. More has some bold remarks on the injurious tendency likely to result to individuals and to society, from the excessive rage of visiting France. Long and frequent absences from home, she contends, are unfavourable to the mind, induce a spirit of restlessness, have a mischievous effect on the morals of the parties, and render that home, which is at once the scene of repose and of activity, more and more insipid, in proportion to the frequency with which it is deserted. Speaking of the return of peace as a blessing which we fondly flattered ourselves would be converted to so many salutary purposes, and of the use we have made of it, she says:—

‘This peace was seized on, not as a means to repair, in some measure, the ravages which were made on the commerce, the property, the comforts, as well as the population of our country; but must it not, in many instances, be said truly, though most painfully said, to vary their nature, and enhance their malignity? Instead of sedulously employing it to raise us to our former situation, by a prudent restriction in our indulgences, an increased residence in our respective districts, and an endeavour to lighten the difficulties of government, by the continued contribution of its rightful supplies;—instead of using it to mitigate the distresses, and to restrain the crimes of the lower orders, by living in the midst of them, each at his natural and appropriate station, and thus neutralising a spirit of disaffection, which took advantage only of their absence to break out;—instead of improving its opportunities, or providing against the impending scarcity, which the

desertion of the rich increased almost to famine, in giving employment to the industrious, relief to the sick, and bread to the famished;—instead of each sentinel remaining at his providentially appointed watch,—at this critical moment, a very large proportion of our nobles and gentry, an indefinite number of our laity, and not a few of our clergy,—that important part of the community, of which the situation is peculiarly local,—all these, as if simultaneously seized by that mania which, in fabulous history, is said to have sent *one* unfortunate object of divine persecution wandering through the world,—all these important portions of our country at once abandoned it. The only use they made of peace was to fly, with most unrighteous speed, to the authors of our calamities, and of such calamities as it might be thought could not at once have been forgotten, to visit a country which had filled our own with widows and orphans, which had made the rest of Europe a scene of desolation.’

‘What would the veteran moralist, who, in his beautiful and vigorous satire, indignantly exclaimed,—

‘I cannot bear a French metropolis;’

What would Johnson have said had he been spared till now?

‘How would he laugh at Britain’s modern tribe,
Dart the keen taunt, and edge the piercing gibe!’

How would he have poured out his ready wrath, his cutting sarcasm, his powerful reasoning, his robust morality, on a country which is in danger of deserting its own character, impairing its own virtue, and discrediting its own religion. If the muse of a brother bard wept so pathetically the then imaginary distresses of the *Deserted Village*, what a plaintive descant would he have sung on a deserted country!’

In the chapter of ‘French Opinion on English Society,’ Mrs. More combats the assertion of Madame de Stael, that the English ladies are deficient in those shining talents and airy graces which embellish society, and refutes the cause to which this celebrated lady attributes the heaviness of London parties, viz. that the English gentlemen spend nine months in the year on their estates in the country, a circumstance ‘more honoured in the breach than the observance.’ In the character of the French metropolis, and of French females, our author is more severe than less rigid moralists would wish, though her observations are founded in truth. The picture of those English females who have distinguished themselves by their piety and virtues, affords a striking contrast to the unblushing and avowed intrigues and hypocrisy of many ladies in France, who have been so much celebrated for their talents. These contrasts, however, were not necessary to show, that for all the best features of the female character, we need not quit our own country for a model.

The remaining essays in this work consist rather of miscellaneous observations on a variety of topics, than a systematic view of religion or morals. On novel opinions in religion, we have the following very sensible observations:—

‘We know to what a degree the love of novelty, the long-

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ing to see any thing they have not seen before, though the object be ever so disgusting, is carried by our countrymen. The poet who best knew human nature, who best painted the characters of Englishmen, said, "in England, any monster will make (be the making of) a man." This is so true, that a dwarf, a giant, an unnatural birth in an animal, will afford delight; the greater the distortion the higher the pleasure. We have seen to what excess this passion for what is novel and monstrous may be carried, in the instance of a late preposterous prophetess, a creature born and bred among the dregs of the people, with nothing to recommend her but ignorance, presumption, extravagance, and blasphemy; yet did this woman not only make numberless proselytes among her vulgar equals, but obtained advocates among those from whom better things might have been expected. But it is the very absurdity which is the attraction. Such preposterous pretences being obviously out of the power of human means to accomplish, the extravagance is believed to be supernatural. It is the impossibility which makes the assumed certainty. The epilepsy of Mahomet confirmed his claims to inspiration.

'Extravagance in religion is a kind of spiritual empiricism, which is sure for a time to lay hold on the vulgar. The ignorant patient in both cases, who frequently pays little attention to the established physician, is sure to be attracted by any new nostrum from the laboratory of the irregular prescriber: he is resorted to with more confidence in proportion to the reputed violence of his catholicon; and he who despised the sober practitioner, swallows without scruple the most pernicious drug of the advertising professor.

'Without the slightest desire to detract from the personal character of our new empirics in divinity, we may be allowed to suspect that their education, and early habits of life, had not altogether qualified them for the arduous undertaking of new modelling a church. It is true that "the erudition of a (common) Christian man" is not required to be very profound, but surely that of a Christian reformer should be something more than moderate.'

The following character, of what women ought to be, has our warmest approbation, and could not be more seasonably written than when some of that sex are so far forgetting their proper duties as to interfere with concerns foreign to their habits and their education, and derogatory of that high and amiable character, which we hope our fair country women will ever maintain:—

'Tenderness of heart, warmth of feeling, and liveliness of imagination, form a most interesting part in the composition of an amiable woman; but the qualities which adorn, are also the qualities which mislead. The very attractions which cause them to please, may become snares. If not carefully directed, they give a wrong bias to the character, and a dangerous tendency to the conduct. They lead the possessor more widely astray than is commonly the case with those who are destitute of these pleasing powers.

'That providential economy which has clearly determined that women were born to share with men the duties of private life, has as clearly demonstrated, that they were not born to divide with them in its public administration. If, then, they were not intended to command armies in war, nor to direct cabinets in peace, to legislate in the senate, or debate at the bar,—doubtless they were not intended to be public teachers of religion, to be makers of canons for a new church, nor to invent dogmas to controvert an old one; nor to be professors of proselytism, nor wrangling polemics, nor conductors of controversy, nor settlers of disputes—disputes which will continue to be agitated as long as men have hot heads and proud hearts; as long as they possess vanity or curiosity, impatience of restraint, or a love of opposition; a weariness of sober truths, and a thirst after the fame to be acquired by their subversion.

'Why will women of sense, then, defeat their providential destination? Why desert their proper sphere, in which they

were intended to benefit, to please, even to shine, at least as stars of the *second* magnitude? Why fly from their prescribed orbit? Why roam in useless and eccentric wandering,—

"And, comet-like, rush lawless through the void;"

and then, having for a season astonished with their false and momentary blaze, fall disregarded and forgotten?

In the next extract which we shall make, we do not so fully agree with our amiable author, and, notwithstanding the ability with which she vindicates it, we are not convinced that the active part which some ladies take in collecting money for bibles, or attending public meetings, is likely to make them better wives or more estimable members of society; and we fear that the delicacy of the sex is too often lost, as well as the sober scenes of domestic life deprived of their relish, by such associations:—

'It has been brought, as a charge, against the valuable ladies whose cause we are advocating, as if it were a departure from the delicacy of the sex to attend at the annual meetings of certain religious and charitable societies; but we know not what reasonable objection can be made to their being modest and silent auditors on these occasions. They do not attend the resorts of the unemployed, or the ill employed—they do not attend to hear the idle news of the neighbourhood, but to hear "good news from a far country,"—news, which the angels in heaven stoop down to hear,—not the conversion of one sinner, but the conversion of many,—to hear that best news, the extension of Christianity to the extremities of the globe,—to hear that

"All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
Flock to that light;—"

To hear

"That eastern Java to the farthest west,
And Ethiopia spreads abroad the hand
And worships!"

'Compare now these inoffensive and quiet auditors, with the gay multitudes of their own sex which crowd the resorts of pleasure. Here, they are the peaceful listeners; there, they are the busy performers. The others are not, as here, passive recipients of entertainment, but the entertainers, but the exhibitors. Yet who, among the worldly, censures one of these classes? Who, among the prejudiced, does not censure the other?'—

A well merited tribute is paid to that benevolent female, Mrs. Fry, in the following passage:—

'In alluding to certain recent undertakings which reflect honour on our country, it would be unjust to omit one which reflects honour on our sex. Justice, as well as gratitude, would be wounded, were no tribute to be paid to the most heroic of women.

'The reader will have anticipated, that we allude to the female Howard. Her's is almost, (her sex considered,) a higher strain of Christian heroism. Unprotected and alone, she dared to venture into scenes that would appal the stoutest heart, and which the single principle by which she was actuated could have sustained her's. With true Christian courage, she ventured to explore the dreary abodes of calamity and crime, of execration and despair. She took "the gauge of misery," not as a matter of curiosity, or philosophical speculation, but with the holy hope of relieving it. The favour of Him who stopped the mouths of the lions in the prophet's den, stopped those of these scarcely less savage beings. Her mild demeanour awed their rebellious spirits into peace.'

The essay on 'Unprofitable Reading' is principally directed against those immoral novels of the French and German schools, 'in which the intrigue between the already married hero and heroine, is opened by means so apparently innocent, and conducted so gradually, and with so much plausibility, as, for a time, to escape detection.' And, as an instance that the general morals are becoming more and

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more relaxed, our author relates that she 'remembers to have heard Dr. Johnson reprove a young lady, in severe terms, for quoting a sentiment from 'Tom Jones,' a book, he said, which, if a modest lady had done so improper a thing as to read, she should not do so immodest a thing as to avow.'

The 'Reflections on Prayer' conclude this work, of which they form a considerable portion. They are such as may be read with advantage by Christians of all classes; the most religious will find them sufficiently fervent, and the mere moralist will not be disgusted with that fanatical cant which disgraces the works of so many professors of religion. On the whole, we consider this work will not lessen the reputation the author has already acquired, although it is written at an advanced period of life, and is announced as the last offering she intends making to the public.

Walks through Ireland, in the Years 1812, 1814, and 1817; described in a Series of Letters to an English Gentleman. By John Bernard Trotter, Esq. Private Secretary to the late Right Hon. C. J. Fox. 8vo. pp. 599. London, 1819.

WE have met with few works that have disappointed us so much as these 'Walks through Ireland,' as they are termed, for, as to the information they contain, it might all have been furnished without the author's stepping from his room, if he had been only furnished with a *Gazetteer* and a *History of Ireland*. Instead of finding a description of the local manners and customs of the people among whom the author travelled, we have nothing but Irish history; and the deeds of Henry II, Strongbow, and Oliver Cromwell, meet us at every page. We are really at a loss to know how a man of talents could have walked a thousand miles, through the counties of Wexford, Meath, Munster, and Connaught, and have gleaned so little information, and then extended that little over nearly six hundred pages; thus making a very bulky work from very scanty materials.

The most interesting part of the work is that which forms no part of its title, a well-written biographical memoir of the unfortunate author. Mr. Trotter was born of a good family in Ireland, and received a liberal education. He was intended for the church, but preferred the bar, and, while a student at the temple, became acquainted with Mr. Fox, who soon afterwards took him to France, to assist in transcribing materials for that 'historical work' which did so little credit to the literary talents of the great statesman.

On Mr. Fox coming into power, Mr. Trotter had a high situation in the Foreign Office, and was soon afterwards made his Private Secretary: his good fortune, however, was of short duration, as the death of Mr. Fox threw him on the world; and, while the statesman's butler was appointed to a situation of 200l. per annum, in the Foreign Office, Mr. Trotter was dismissed, without the slightest remuneration, and left to pine in want and obscurity.

For the remainder of his life, he was in a state of difficulty or poverty, from which all his efforts could not relieve him. Disappointed in the expectations he had once formed, he refused to accept a subordinate situation, of 150l. per annum, offered to him by Mr. Canning. During this period, however, he often received temporary relief, which, with prudence and economy, might have

averted his fate. From Lord Holland he received 200l.; from Lady Liverpool, 100l.; and from the Prince Regent, (we feel pleasure in recording the circumstance,) he received, at different times, 1000l. The Literary Fund, more than once, extended its feeble aid, but all in vain; for poor Trotter, after passing through all the gradations of poverty, perished in the vigour of life, the victim of actual want—the pauper-patient of a dispensary!

These Walks were undertaken at different periods; the first, through the county of Wexford, was in 1812; the second, to Dangan Castle and the Boyne, in the county of Meath, in 1814; and the third walk, through Munster and Connaught, was in 1817. From these we shall select a few extracts:—

Salutations.—The morning salutations in Ireland are very gracious, and the replies are always peculiarly so. To your "good morning," is always returned to you "good morning to you kindly;" to "God save you," "God save you kindly;" and the farewell of *Dia agus smerri wid*, or "God and the Virgin be with you," sounds soft and pious.

Cottagers.—The war has caused great prices for the produce of land, and has generated high rents or gigantic farmers, with 1500 or 2000 acres in their own hands. But labour is not raised in value, though the cottager lose all his land. He becomes annexed to an estate by the miserable tenure of necessity, and the rent of his roadside hovel is deducted from his yearly toil. His daily hire is 10d.; perhaps less. This is 12l. per annum; deduct 1l. 10s. or 2l., for house-rent, 10l. 10s. or 10l., remain to procure potatoes, milk, clothes, medicine, in case of illness;—to pay priest,—send children to school, &c. &c. &c. 10l. which the gambler or man of fashion casts away in a moment, in the circles of London, is the sum on which the existence of this entire family depends! yet the poor Irishman endures all with fortitude and humility, even with a degree of content. His common expressions are, however, very melancholy, on inquiry into his circumstances. "The poor, sir, have always suffered." "It is God's will it should be so." "The poor are little thought of in this country." He will then sigh, and go to his daily toil.

Bonaparte.—Accident introduced me to the Rev. Mr. Redmond, priest of the place, who related to me a curious little anecdote. When pursuing his studies, and finishing his course of education in France, he had spent a summer in Bas Poitou, where General Bonaparte, then a thin slight young boy, was. He had slept in the same room with him six weeks, and perceived nothing shining or engaging in him. He was generally employed in making machinery, which he placed on a small water-course. As the party were one day shooting, Bonaparte, who was not very active, fell into a brook, five feet deep, which he endeavoured to leap across. He was nearly drowned, when Mr. Redmond immediately discharged his piece, and presented the end to him, by which he saved his life.

Battle at New Ross.—In another place, we were shewn the spot where a remarkable combat occurred. A very young Irishman was endeavouring quietly to make his way home from a battle in which his friends had totally failed. He was armed with a long and well-made spear or pike; a dragoon perceived him, and determined to cut him down. Others were about to join him, when some English infantry insisted that it should be a fair engagement between the two. The young man opposed his antagonist with great activity and courage; he wounded his horse, and, after a long struggle, finally killed the dragoon. He was permitted by the soldiers to return home without further molestation.

The following anecdote of the bravery of an Irish sailor, brings to our recollection a similar one of Crawford, a native of Shields, during Admiral Duncan's engagement with the Dutch:—

'Mrs. King's eldest son had an early inclination for the sea, and was well qualified to prove an honour and support to the British navy. Large and robust, and of extraordinary strength, he was unacquainted with fear, and found in the sea his proper element. On board his majesty's navy he accordingly long served with great honour to himself. In every action he was foremost and undaunted. In one, near Guadaloupe, where Sir George Rodney commanded, the colours of young King's ship were shot down. The battle was warmly contested on both sides. As the cannon thundered, the cries of wounded and dying were heard, and the waves dashed round him. King snatched the colours, and resolutely nailed them to the stump of the mast! The French fired repeatedly at him, while thus occupied, but this naval hero calmly continued, and accomplished his work: confidence revived in the shattered vessel: King was cheered: soon were the Britons victorious!'

Our author visited a country house near Trim, where the Duke of Wellington had resided two or three years before he went to India. The following stanzas, on a rose plucked in the garden, will afford a specimen of Mr. Trotter's poetical talents:—

"Thou gem that thus glisten'st on autumn's cold breast,
Art the signal of glories more bright!
The herald of safety, to nations oppress'd,
Thou breath'st o'er the senses delight!
Perhaps, from thy stem, has thy Wellington chose
Such a blossom—and fragrant as thou;
Or love has impos'd such a favourite rose
Where laurels now circle his brow!
Thy leaves are all moist—'tis that many shall die,
And the angel that bade thee to bloom,
Tho' pleas'd that new glory thy hero was nigh,
Mingled tears with thy rose-bud's perfume!"

Many afflicting accounts of the ravages of fevers in Ireland, among the lower orders, are detailed in this volume. The following melancholy circumstances our author heard in Munster:—

'On returning to our inn to breakfast, I wished again to behold the ruined monastery, and the tomb of this too-fatally renowned White Knight. In one part of the ruins, where a fine arched side-aisle was still very perfect, and its stone-roof kept off the rain, my guide shewed some terror. I soon learned from him the cause. A person ill of fever had been left there the day before, lest he should communicate the infection to the family where he lodged. He was left to expire! His hollow voice plaintively implored some drink. I assured him he should have it, and be taken care of, and hope revived at the moment life was ebbing fast away. In another part of this monastery, I saw a hat of a departed victim of fever exposed some time ago, and at our inn I heard the following story:—An American gentleman, totally a stranger, well clad, and of pleasing appearance, came a few months ago to Kilmallock. He went to no inn, but wandered about the ruins, till, at last, entering them, he was observed no more, and, perhaps, forgotten! He was ill, and fever burned in his veins; but where can the penniless and forlorn wanderer turn, in a country where he is without friends or money? It happened a gentleman was ill at the inn, and required the attendance of a person to sit up every night. The inn-keeper's son performed this humane office frequently; and very early one morning, as the stars were fading at the approach of twilight, he walked out to the monastery to refresh himself with the morning air. He heard a murmuring noise, as of some human being. It was two or three day's after the American gentleman's disappearance! He recollected this, and advanced—but, can I go on!—Extended on his back, in a recess of a ruined aisle, the unfortunate stranger lay speechless, expiring!—one hand clenched the mouldering

wall, the other his hat. The young man, terrified and shocked, ran for assistance. On his return, this victim of misfortune was no more! Fever had arrested his steps, and, as there was neither hospital nor dispensary at Kilmallock, which, belonging to numerous proprietors, can have no peculiar presiding landlord, he perished in the dreadful manner I have related.'

Monasteries.—'Mr. Ferral remarked to us, in regard to monasteries or abbeys, a curious fact: that in France, they were all placed on high ground; in Ireland, on low and near water. He thought the Irish more judicious, and mentioned to us, with a smile, the three curses of the Irish:—"A high place for a house, a beautiful wife, and white cows;" perhaps, from exciting attention and raising envy, he meant they were dangerous and consequently objectionable.'

The Grotto of Cong.—'Passing a very rocky field, at the termination of our walk, we reached the "Pigeon-hole." It is a circular cavity in the earth, nearly covered at its mouth by some old oaks and ever-greens, and is about one hundred feet and upwards of perpendicular depth, and thirty or forty diameter. You descend by many stone steps, made in times immemorial, for the purpose of getting water. As you approach the bottom, the loud rushing of a river becomes very perceptible. In a few moments the grotto widens, and you find yourself in the midst of dark and vaulted arches of rock, with a river, whose entrance or whose exit you cannot observe, rolling swiftly past your feet. Æneas never followed his sybil to a more awful or striking spot! All we had seen faded away, compared to this wonderful grotto of Cong! There was a kind of twilight, sufficient to shew us the trout playing in the streams of this other world, and rendering the place more sublime from the dim shades of its rocky and verdant sides. We had procured a female guide, who resides near, and carries a light for the accommodation of such travellers as wish to observe the interior of this magic scene.

'After some time spent in silent admiration, she set fire to a bundle of straw, which she contrived should float down the dark stream, and cast another on the rocks. The whole cavities, river, and far retiring rocks, were suddenly illuminated. The roof of these subterranean regions was formed entirely of stone. The gloom of the caves on each side of this awful stream,—its audible and far-spreading murmurs,—our complete removal from the earthly scene and glarish light of day,—made an extraordinary impression on the mind.'

Irish Canoes.—'As we left the cemeteries which have occasioned so much reflection, we perceived on the shore small boats, made of horse-hair, and wooden ribs, called coracles. They ride a calm or gentle sea wonderfully, and are moved by paddles. The men prefer them to the large row-boat, and very few accidents are heard of from them. The following is the description of such boats, in South Wales, by a tourist, which I transcribe for you:—"The traveller may have seen, in his excursion down the Wye, a curious kind of fishing-boat, called a truckle, or coracle, (in British, *cwrwgyl*;) made of strong-ribbed basket-work, lately covered with horse hides, but now with tanned canvas, formed like the section of a walnut-shell, and generally four and-a-half or five feet long. The truckle is scarcely ever made to hold more than one person, who is obliged to keep his balance well, by sitting in the middle of it, making way with a paddle, one end of which is rested upon his shoulder, while a stroke is made alternately with the other end. These boats are only adapted for lakes, rivers, or a very smooth sea, and are so light, that the fishermen throw them over their shoulders, and carry them home. They are in common use on the River Usk, and in many other parts of Wales, and are of very early origin."

During Mr. Trotter's western tour, he never met with the harp in any place, indeed it is dropping into oblivion; nor did he discover any MSS., with the exception of a few poems written in the Irish phraseology, in the possession of a Mr. Barrett. With one extract more, we

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shall conclude this barren volume, which we fear would not have relieved the necessities of its unfortunate author for a month, had he lived to witness its publication. The extract with which we shall conclude, contains some reflections on Ireland in general, as suggested to the author by his tour:—

‘Indifferent agriculture among the people at large, little manufacture, and excessive population agitated to madness, or sunk in despondency—the most generous virtues, mixed with faults—too great admiration of wealth—too much love of power, instead of independence;—in one word, want of sufficient and thorough cultivation of the intellect, by education and study—abundance of natural genius withering in sequestered scenes—the purest patriotism, devoid of malignity or ambition—real piety—too much vanity and pride, increased, however, by a sense of oppression—much petty despotism still remaining;—two great churches, the established and the Catholic, not sufficiently harmonized,—the latter trifled with, rather than properly treated by England;—dissenters, of several sects, extremely respectable, industrious, and enlightened;—a government too distant to observe every thing, and too dependent on the representations of others;—invincible courage in the people;—the tender regards of love, and the virtuous affection of faithful females, brightening the gloom of oppression;—all this have we observed in Ireland. A Deity has showered down his bounties on her, but a bad system has paralyzed her powers, and turned many of her virtues into vices. Her wounded sensibilities have re-acted against herself, and against England!’

A History of England, from the First Invasion by the Romans, to the Accession of Henry VIII. By the Rev. John Lingard.

(Continued.)

In resuming our notice of this work, we cannot but regret that our limits will not permit us to enter more largely into the nature of the Saxon laws and institutions, from which some of the best features in the present administration of justice have emanated. Our grand juries, no doubt, had their origin in that Anglo-Saxon law, which ordered that, as soon as the hundred-mote was assembled, the reeve, with the twelve oldest thanes, should go out to inquire into all offences committed within the jurisdiction of the court, and should be sworn ‘not to foresay, (prevent) any one who was innocent, nor to conceal any one who was guilty.’ On their presentment, the accused was frequently condemned, unless he proved his innocence by the purgation of lada, or swearing; or by the ordeal or judgment of God. In the purgation by oath, he began by calling ‘on God to witness that he was innocent;’ and then produced his compurgators, varying in number from four to seventy-two, according to the magnitude of the offence. These compurgators, who were sometimes appointed by the judges, sometimes drawn by lot, and often brought into the court by the party himself (the right of challenging half of them belonging to the judges) swore that ‘they believed his oath to be upright and clean, and his innocence was acknowledged.’ In these conjurators, may be discovered our petit juries, in their rudest state.

The pecuniary penalties, which formed so distinguishing a feature of the Saxon laws, were equally numerous and still more oppressive in the Norman code; but the Normans despised the fiery ordeals of the English, and preferred the trial by battle, as more worthy of freemen and warriors. The changes made by the Normans in the form

of government and the administration of justice, were less numerous than has been generally imagined. As the northern tribes were all propagated from the same original stock, so their institutions, though diversified by time, climate, and accident, bore a strong resemblance to each other, and the customs of the conquerors were readily amalgamated with those of the conquered. The feudal services remained nearly the same; the national council, though it hardly contained a single native, continued to be constituted as formerly, and the administration of justice was vested in the antient tribunals.

William the First must have been a very expert financier, as well as hero and politician, since we learn, that his daily income, even with the exception of fines, gifts, and amerciaments, amounted to £1061 10s. 1½d. a prodigious and almost incredible sum, if we reflect, that the pound of that period was equal in weight to three nominal pounds of the present day, and that the value of silver was perhaps ten times as great as in modern times. Henry I. appears to have trod in the steps of his father so far as related to revenue, and, notwithstanding his expenses in building castles and monasteries, and the pomp in which he reigned, he died immensely rich, as ‘after his death, his successor found in the exchequer, beside the plate and gems collected by himself and his two predecessors, one hundred thousand pounds of pennies, all of just weight and of pure silver.’

Such of our readers as may not be excessively partial to historical research, will, perhaps, thank us for introducing, by way of episode, an anecdote of these times, and an account of the origin of romance. The Normans, in their wars, exhibited singular instances of barbarism and refinement of cruelty and of humanity. Henry I. after the battle of Bretnville, in Normandy, in which only three persons were killed*, restored to Louis his charger, with the trappings of gold and silver; the following story of Juliana is much less creditable to him:—

‘Eustace, lord of Breteuil, who had married Juliana, one of the king’s illegitimate daughters, had solicited the grant of a strong fortress, which was part of the ducal demesne. Henry entertained suspicions of his fidelity, but was unwilling to irritate him by an absolute refusal. It was agreed that two children, the daughters of Eustace and Juliana, should be given to Henry as hostages, for the allegiance of their father: and that the son of Harenc, the governor of the castle, should be intrusted to that nobleman, as a pledge for the cession of the place at the close of the war. Eustace was, however, dissatisfied: he tore out the eyes of the boy, and sent him back to his father. Harenc, frantic with rage, and impatient for revenge, demanded justice of Henry, who, unable to reach the person, bade him retaliate on the daughters of Eustace. Their innocence, their youth, their royal descent, were of no avail: the barbarian deprived them of their eyes, and amputated their noses; and Henry, with an affectation of stoic indifference, loaded him with presents, and sent him back to resume his command. The task of revenge now devolved on Juliana, who deemed her father the author of the sufferings of her daughters. Unable to keep Breteuil against the royal forces, she retired into the citadel; abandoned by the garrison, she requested a parley with the king; and as he approached the wall, pointed an arrow and discharged it at his breast. Her want of skill saved her from the guilt of parricide; and necessity compelled her to surrender at discretion. Had Henry pardoned her, he might, perhaps, have claimed the praise of magnanimity; but the punishment, which he

* This is another instance of the bloodless wars of former times, noticed in our review of Hallam’s Middle Ages, in our last.—ED.

inflicted, was ludicrous in itself, and disgraceful to its author. He closed the gate, removed the draw-bridge, and sent her a peremptory order to quit the castle immediately. Juliana was compelled to let herself down, without assistance from the rampart, into the broad moat, which surrounded the fortress, and to wade through the water, which rose to her waist. At each step, she had to break the ice around her, and to suffer the taunts and ridicule of the soldiers, who were drawn out to witness this singular spectacle.'

Of the origin of romance, Mr. Lingard gives the following account:—

'During the reign of Henry [the First], Geoffrey of Monmouth published his History of Britain, which he embellished with numerous tales respecting Arthur and his knights, Merlin and his prophecies, borrowed from the songs and traditions of the ancient Britons. This extraordinary work was accompanied by another of a similar description, the History of Charlemagne and his twelve peers, supposed to be compiled by archbishop Turpin, from the songs of the French trouveres; and, about the same time, the Adventures of Alexander the Great, by the pretended Dares Phrygius, and Dictys Cretensis, were brought by some of the crusaders into Europe. These three works supplied an inexhaustible store of matter for writers in verse and prose; the jests of Alexander, and Arthur, and Charlemagne, were repeated and embellished in a thousand forms; spells and enchantments, giants, hypogriphs, and dragons, ladies confined in durance by the power of necromancy, and delivered from confinement by the courage of their knights, captivated the imagination of our ancestors; and a new species of writing was introduced, which retained its sway for centuries, and was known by the appellation of Romance, because it was originally written in the Gallic idiom, an idiom corrupted from the ancient language of Rome.'

We have already noticed the ancient Britons, and the origin of the Scots, nor must we forget the sister island, Ireland, the inhabitants of which were chiefly of Celtic origin, as is evident from the language still spoken by their descendants. Books, indeed, have been published, which minutely describe the revolutions of Erin, from a period anterior to the deluge; but such fables are not the peculiar growth of the soil of Erin; 'the Frank and the Norman, the Briton and the Saxon, found no more difficulty than an Irishman, in tracing back their progenitors to the ark, and pointing out the very grandson of Noah, from whom each of them was lineally descended.' It was the peculiar happiness of Ireland to escape the visits of the barbarians, who, in the fifth and sixth centuries, depopulated and dismembered the western empire, and when science was almost extinguished on the continent, it still emitted a faint light from the remote shores of Erin. The manners and customs of the Irish, in the twelfth century, when the majority of the natives shunned the towns and lived in huts in the country, are thus described by Mr. Lingard:—

'They preferred pasturage to agriculture. Restraint and labour were deemed by them the worst of evils: liberty and indolence the most desirable of blessings. The children owed little to the care of their parents: but shaped by the hand of nature, they acquired, as they grew up, elegant forms, which, aided by a lofty stature and florid complexion, excited the admiration of the invaders. Their clothing was scanty, fashioned after a manner which, to the eye of Gerald, appeared barbarous, and spun from the wool of their sheep, sometimes dyed, but generally in its natural state. In battle, they measured the valour of the combatants by their contempt for artificial assistance; and when they beheld the English knights covered with iron, hesitated not to pronounce them devoid of real courage. Their own arms were a short lance, or two

javelins, with a hatchet of steel called a "sparthe." This the invaders found to be a most formidable weapon. It was wielded with one hand, but with such address and impetuosity, as generally to penetrate through the best tempered armour. To bear it was the distinction of freemen; and as it was always in the hand, it was frequently made the instrument of revenge. They constructed their houses of timber and wicker work, with an ingenuity which extorted the praise of the English. Their churches were generally built of the same materials; and, when archbishop Malachy began to erect one of stone, the very attempt excited an insurrection of the people, who reproached him with abandoning the customs of his country, and introducing those of Gaul. In temper, the natives are described as irascible and inconstant, warmly attached to their friends, faithless and vindictive towards their enemies. Music was the acquirement in which they principally sought to excel; and the Welshman, with all his partiality for his own country, has the honesty to assign to the Irish the superiority on the harp.'

The history of the reign of Richard I, so fertile in military events, is admirably written; it includes an interesting account of the crusades, a subject we have noticed in our review of another work, and of the massacre of the Jews, which we shall insert in another place. We shall only quote the character of Richard:—

'To a degree of muscular strength, which falls to the lot of few, Richard added a mind incapable of fear. Hence, in the ancient annals, he towers as a warrior above all his contemporaries. Nor was this pre-eminence conceded to him by the Christians alone. Even a century after his death, his name was employed by the Saracen chevalier to chide his horse, and by the Saracen mother, to terrify her children. But when we have given him the praise of valour, his panegyric is finished. His laurels were steeped in blood, and his victories purchased with the impoverishment of his people. Of the meanness to which he could stoop to procure money, and the injustices into which he was hurried by the impetuosity of his passions, the reader has found numerous instances in the preceding pages. To his wife he was as faithless as he had been rebellious to his father. If, in a fit of repentance, he put away his mistress, there is reason to believe, that his reformation did not survive the sickness by which it was suggested.'

The reign of Henry III. was distinguished by the unexpected appearance of a parliament, constituted as our present parliaments are, of the lords spiritual and temporal, and the representatives of the counties, cities, and boroughs. During the winter of 1264, a parliament was convoked to meet after Christmas, but only those prelates and barons were summoned, who were known to be attached to Leicester's party; and the deficiency was supplied by representatives from the counties, cities, and boroughs, who, as they had been chosen through his influence, proved the obsequious ministers of his will. It is remarkable, that men now rendered ineligible from being electors, namely, the collectors of the revenue, were originally the representatives of the counties in parliament. In 1220, writs were issued to the sheriff, appointing him the collector, in conjunction with two knights, to be chosen in full court of the county, with the consent of all the suitors. They collected the taxes, and made to the king the report of their grievances; and when, in the reign of Henry III. (1265,) they were introduced into the great council, as the representative of their electors, they received the same remuneration which had been assigned to them on former occasions; their expenses 'in going, staying, and returning,' were defrayed by a rate levied on the county. The cities and boroughs were not repre-

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sented for some time after the knights of the shire had a seat in the great council. It would lead us much further than our space will permit, to trace the progress of parliament, and particularly of the house of Commons, which is so well detailed in the second and third volumes of this work; we shall, therefore, pass on to the reign of Edward II, and extract an account of the celebrated battle of Bannockburn, which was fought on the 24th of June, 1312 :—

‘ On the eve of the battle, a warm action occurred between the advanced parties of the two armies, and terminated in favour of the Scots. Bruce, with his battle-axe, clove the scull of Henry de Bohun, a distinguished knight; and his followers hailed the prowess of their sovereign as an omen of victory. At day break, they gathered round an eminence, in which Maurice, abbot of Inchaffray, celebrated mass, and harangued his hearers on the duty of fighting for the liberty of their country. At the close of his discourse, they answered with a loud shout; and the abbot, barefoot, with a crucifix in his hand, marched before them to the field of battle. As soon as they were formed, he again addressed them, and, as he prayed, they all fell on their knees. “ They kneel,” exclaimed some of the English; “ they beg for mercy.” “ Do not deceive yourselves,” replied Ingelram de Umfraville, “ they beg for mercy, but it is only from God.”

‘ From the discordant accounts of the Scottish and English writers, it is difficult to collect the particulars of the battle. The Scots, with very few exceptions, fought on foot, armed with battle-axes and spears. The king appeared in their front, and bore the same weapons as his subjects. The attack was made by the infantry and archers of the English army; and, so fierce was the shock, so obstinate the resistance, that the result long remained doubtful. Bruce was compelled to call his reserve into the line; and, as a last resource, to order a small body of men at arms to attack the archers in flank. This movement decided the fate of the infantry. They fled in confusion; and the knights, with the earl of Gloucester at their head, rushed forward to renew the conflict. But their horses were entangled in the pits; the riders were thrown; and the timely appearance of the Scots, who had been stationed in the valley, scattered dismay through the ranks of the English. Edward, who was not deficient in personal bravery, spurred on his charger to partake in the battle; but the earl of Pembroke wisely interposed, and led him to a distance. Giles d’Argentyr, a renowned knight, had hitherto been charged with the defence of the royal person; now, seeing the king out of danger, he bade him farewell, and turning his horse, rode back to the enemy. He cried, “ An Argentyr,” rushed into the hottest part of the fight, and soon met with that death which he sought.”

In order that the reader may form some idea of what constituted the wealth of a nobleman of these times, we extract an estimate of the losses which the Spensers sustained, as delivered to the Parliament, in the reign of Edward II. :—

‘ The elder Spenser; his crop in the barn, and that on the ground; 28,000 sheep; 1000 oxen and heifers; 1200 cows, with their calves for two years; 40 mares; 160 cart horses; 2000 pigs; 300 goats; 40 tun of wine; 601 fitches of bacon; 80 carcasses of beef; 600 of mutton in the larder; 10 tun of cider; arms and armour for two hundred men.

‘ The younger; 40 mares, with their issue of two years; 11 stallions; 160 heifers; 400 oxen; 500 cows, with their calves for two years; 10,000 sheep; 400 pigs; arms and armour for two hundred men; his crop on the ground; provisions for his castles, as corn, wine, honey, salt, salt-meat, and salt-fish; the rents of his tenants, amounting to £1000; and the debts due to him, to the amount of £3000.’

The Spensers were banished; the accusation brought

against them in Parliament, consisted of eleven counts, and charged them with usurping the royal power, appointing judges, who did not know the law, advising unconstitutional measures, &c.

‘ The first count recited a writing made by the younger Spenser, and conceived to teach treason. As it is curious, I will translate it :—“ Homage and oaths of allegiance regard the crown more than the king’s person, and bind more to the crown than to the person; and this appears from the fact, that before the crown descends to any one, no homage is due to any person. Hence, in the case that the king is not guided by reason in exercising the rights of the crown, his lieges are bound by their oath to the crown, to bring back the king and the state of the crown by reason; otherwise, the oath would not be kept. The question then remains, how the king is to be brought back; by suit of law, or by force? By suit of law, no man can do it; for he can have no other judges, but those appointed by the king; and of course, if the will of the king be not conformable to reason, the error will be maintained and confirmed. It follows, then, that, to keep the oath of allegiance, when the king will not redress grievances, and do away what is bad for the people, and dangerous for the crown, it must be done away by force; for, by their oaths, both the king is bound to govern his people, and his lieges are also bound to govern in aid of him, and in his default.”—Statutes at large, Vol. x, App. p. 16, Rot. Parl. iii, 363. That the barons should declare this doctrine to be treasonable, is strange, since they themselves, at the very moment, were acting upon it.’

It was during the reign of this monarch, that the order of the Knights Templars was abolished. This celebrated order was established in 1118, by the patriarch of Jerusalem, and originally consisted of nine poor knights, who lived in community, near the site of the ancient temple, and took on themselves the voluntary obligation of watching the roads in the neighbourhood of the city, and of protecting the pilgrims from the insults of robbers and infidels. By degrees, their number surprisingly augmented; they were the foremost in every action of danger, their military services excited the gratitude of all Christendom, and legacies and lands were successively bestowed on them. But wealth and power generated a spirit of arrogance, and they indulged in indolence and luxury. In England and Ireland, the Templars were all apprehended on the same day, and kept in safe but honourable custody; proceedings were instituted against them, which lasted three years, and the order was finally abolished.

(To be continued.)

Some Account of the Life of Rachael Wriothesley, Lady Russell. By the editor of Madame du Deffand’s Letters. Followed by a Series of Letters from Lady Russell to her husband, William Lord Russell, from 1672 to 1682, &c. To which are added, eleven Letters from the Countess of Sunderland to the Marquis of Halifax. 4to. pp. 253. London, 1819.

IN the list of illustrious females, which this country has produced, Lady Russell holds a distinguished place. ‘ Such a combination of tenderness the most exquisite, magnanimity the most unaffected, and Christian piety the most practical, have not often met in the same mind.’ Her conduct at the trial of her husband, when she endeavoured to conceal the anguish of the wife in the assumed composure of the secretary; her earnest entreaties to the unrelenting monarch to save her husband, and her fortitude during the final separation, when she would rather

see him die than persuade him to a dishonourable means of saving his life, are all circumstances so much out of the ordinary way, that we cannot but view them with astonishment and unbounded admiration. The character of Lady Russell has been perpetuated in her letters to her husband; to these are now added, in the present volume, a well written memoir of her life, and several of her miscellaneous letters.

Lady Rachael Wriothesley was the second daughter of Thomas, Earl of Southampton, by his wife, Rachael du Ruvigny, of an ancient Hugonot family, in France; she was born about the year 1636, and married Lord Vaughan, eldest son of the Earl of Carberry, about the year 1653; it was one of those early marriages, of which Lady Russell, perhaps, on her own experience, thus expresses an opinion, 'it is acceptable, rather than choosing, on either side.' In 1667, we find Lady Vaughan a widow, and, in 1669, she married Mr. (afterwards) Lord William Russell; a title to which he succeeded on the death of his brother. After the death of her husband, Lady Russell's sole duties were concentrated in her children, who were too young to feel the loss of their father; and she was particularly careful in their education. She lived to see her husband's death denominated a 'murder' by the House of Commons, his attainder reversed, and her son established in all the honours of his race, with a wife, who seems to have justified the choice she had made for him, and by whom he was the father of several children. This favourite son died at the age of thirty-one, of the small pox, which was a dreadful blow to his mother, who attended his death-bed, received his last words, and soothed his last moments.

'From this loss she could hardly have recovered the composure which her unfeigned piety and submission to the will of Heaven could alone produce, when, in the November following, her younger daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, after having been the mother of nine children, died in child-bed.

'Of her death, Lady Russell has left us no particulars. We only know, that as her eldest daughter, the Duchess of Devonshire, was at the time lying-in; Lady Russell had the resolution to conceal from her her sister's death, at the moment it happened; and, to prevent her from hearing it suddenly, avoided the too particular inquiries of the Duchess of Devonshire, by saying that she had that day "seen her sister out of bed," when, in fact, she had seen her in her coffin.'

Lady Russell lived to the advanced age of eighty-six, having suffered much from a cataract in her eyes for the last thirty years of her life. Happily, she lived to see the government which had oppressed her, proscribed; the religion whose political predominance she dreaded, in circumstances to require that toleration which it was unwilling to allow, and the man whose vindictive spirit had inflicted the great misfortunes of her life, himself an exile, after having ineffectually implored assistance from the father of him whom he had persecuted. Lady Russell died in October, 1723.

The letters in this volume contain much curious information relative to the political events of the day, particularly the restoration of Charles II, the revolution in 1688, the battle of the Boyne, &c. A letter to Lady Russell, (then Vaughan) dated January 20, 1659, contains an interesting account of General Monk's march from Scotland. The following is an extract:—

'His army is much increased, and ——— move slow, He

brought not above five thousand horse and foot out of Scotland; and a week ago, he mustered ten thousand and five hundred, and adds daily to his number. He is much solicited by the most considerable persons, to stand for a free Parliament. He has sent directions for his old lodgings to be taken up for him in Fleet Street, near the Conduit, though there are great preparations made to receive him at the Prince's lodgings, at Whitehall. The too extremes, of the greatest happiness, or the greatest misfortune to this already most miserable nation, are couched in his breast. The debate continues still between the city and the Parliament; and the same grudge between the Parliament and the secluded members; and every one of those courting Monk to their own interest. The city have employed some of the most considerable of the Common Council, to court him to their assistance. It is thought, there will be the surest pay and the best security. I cannot omit the inserting a few lines, which are said to be put on the Parliament house door; viz.

"Till it be understood
What's under Monk's hood,
The citizens pull in their horns;
Till ten days be out,
Old Will has the gout,
And the Parliament sits upon thorns."

But Monk does wisely, if he continues his resolution of quartering in Fleet Street, to keep the peace between those two great bodies, the city and Parliament.'

In a letter to her husband, dated May, 1672, Lady Russell has the following curious account of the love affairs of these days:—

'The Duke of York's marriage is broke off; that, or other causes, makes him look less in good humour than ordinary; they say she is offered to the King of Spain; and our prince shall have d'Elbeuf; Mrs. Ogle is to marry Craven Howard, Tom Howard's son; and Tom Warton has another mistress in chase, my Lady Rochester's grandchild; but he is so unfortunate before the end, that it is mistrusted he may miss her, though the grandmother is his great friend. Young Arundel, my Lord Arundel, of Trerice, his son, is extremely in love, and went down where she is, and watched her coming abroad to take the air, rode up to her coach; Mr. Warton was on horse by the coach side; Arundel thrust him away, and looking into the coach, told her no man durst say he valued her at the rate he did. Mr. Warton, like a good Christian, turned the other cheek; for he took no notice of it; but the other having no opportunity to see or speak to her, was thus forced to return; but Warton is admitted to the house.'

The young Lady Cavendish, (daughter of Lady Russell) was present with her mother-in-law at the proclamation of William and Mary, and accompanied her to their first drawing-room in the evening of that day; the following account which she gives of it is interesting, as being by an eye witness; the letter is dated February, 1689, and is addressed to a young friend in the country; it is descriptive of the coronation:—

'I was at the sight, and you may imagine, very much pleased to see Ormanzor and Phenixana* proclaimed king and queen of England, in the room of King James, my father's murderer. There were wonderful acclamations of joy, which, though they were very pleasing to me, yet they frightened me too, for I could not but think, what a dreadful thing it is to fall into the hands of the rabble—they are such a strange sort of people. At night, I went to court, with my Lady Devonshire, and kissed the queen's hand and the king's also. There was a world of bonfires, and candles in almost every house, which looked extremely pretty. The king applies himself mightily to business, and is wonderfully admired for his great wisdom and prudence in ordering all things. He

* Names taken from some fashionable romances of the day.

is a man of no presence, but looks very homely at first sight; but, if one looks long on him, he has something in his face both wise and good. But, as for the queen, she is really altogether very handsome; her face is very agreeable; and her shape and motions extremely graceful and free. She is tall, but not so tall as the last queen. Her room was mighty full of company, as you may guess.'

Of King William and the battle of the Boyne, we have the following anecdotes, in a letter from Lady Edward Russell:—

'The king (William) was once more so near danger, that a bullet grazed upon the side of his boot, and passed him by. They say, he has extremely exposed his person in this action. Once, he was going towards the enemy, at the head of a very small party of guards, which Lord Scarborough being aware of, strictly commanded that not a man should stir; his orders were so well obeyed, that the king, having advanced a little way, turned about and found he was alone, so was forced to return to his company.'

'The king's wound heals and is scabbed over; so that he is out of danger, and, I trust, will be preserved from all other. He is as busy as if he had never been hurt; holds his bridle with his right hand, and fights with his left. He is as merciful as he is brave. He has caused Hamilton's wounds to be dressed; and treats him more like a friend than a traitor and a rebel.'

'The Inniskillen men did not behave themselves so well; they made a brisk attack at first, but maintained their ground so ill, that, in retiring, they had like to have put the Dutch regiment of guards into great confusion. Indeed, we had all like to have been in confusion by their means; for one of them, by mistake, was ready to have shot the king, when he cried out, "What! don't you know your friends from your foes?" and so prevented the blow. They could not persuade the king to hide his George, which increases his danger, as it aggravates the Inniskillen men's dullness. The bullet, that I said touched his boot, was not from a cannon, but from a long gun.'

The Countess of Sunderland, whose letters are added to this volume, was the niece of Sir Philip, and the sister of Algernon Sydney, and is known to posterity, from having been celebrated by Waller, under the name of Sacharissa. She seems, both by her personal beauty and her talents, to have merited the eulogies bestowed on her, better than most of the real or imaginary mistresses of poets.

Foreign Literature.

Russian Mission to Persia.—A German paper contains the following extract from a report, made by the Russian Envoy in Persia:—

'His majesty, when I was introduced, was sitting in the hall of the mirrors, in the third court of the palace. After three salutations, Mahmud Khan announced who I was, and by whom I was sent; upon which the king said, "*Oskh akhmedees*," (welcome); and, after repeating these words, invited me into his apartment. I wore, as in Tauris, silk stockings and shoes, and boots over them. I was desired to pull them off, for the etiquette respecting the feet is here so strict, that of all the embassies that come to Persia, the Russian alone is permitted to appear before the king, without red stockings. This is an indispensable formality, for all other persons who are presented to his majesty. I personally delivered the letter I had for the king, a distinction usually granted to ambassadors only.'

'His majesty had a shawl thrown over his shoulder, and the breast and sleeves of his dress were adorned with pearls, as were also the tapestry and cushion on which he sat. He

wore a sheepskin cap, with diamond aigrettes. His left hand rested on a poniard set with diamonds and pearls. This position is common; and those who have no dagger lay the left hand on their girdle. A large carpet of shawls, with scarlet borders, was spread on the ground, for, in Persia, there are no parquets, or inlaid floors, perhaps on account of the scorpions and other poisonous insects, which might conceal themselves therein; the roof and the sides of the room were covered with mirrors. On the walls of other rooms, we observed portraits, flowers, and inscriptions from the Koran; all of which appeared to be of English workmanship.'

'In the centre of the apartment, into which we were introduced, stood the elegant toilette, which her majesty the empress sent as a present to the queen; also, the chandelier and other articles, included in the present made to the Schah, by M. Jemolow, on the part of his majesty the emperor.'

'The king held a long conversation with me respecting the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the journeys of his majesty the emperor. On terminating the audience, he said, he expected me and all my suite at the Nuvruz, (new year.) We were present at this fete, as well as other two, given annually at this period, by the Schah.'

The fourth volume of the *Unpublished Correspondence* of Napoleon Bonaparte has appeared. Three hundred letters are inserted. One hundred and fifty are addressed, by Bonaparte, to the Directory, Carnot, Moreau, the Emperor, Prince Charles, the Pope, &c. The other letters are written to Bonaparte, by generals, diplomatic envoys, and foreign powers. The collection will form seven volumes.

Original Communications.

ON POISONOUS TEA LEAVES.—IMITATION TEA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—The regular establishments for the manufactory of imitation tea-leaves arrested, not long ago, the attention of the public; and the parties, by whom these manufactories were conducted, together with numerous venders of the factitious tea, did not escape the hand of justice. The fraud of manufacturing sloe and white thorn leaves into an imitation of tea, which has been drunk by the public as the genuine beverage of tea, is comparatively harmless, when compared with the fraud lately detected, of manufacturing real genuine unsaleable tea-dust, into tea, by means of a process which renders the article absolutely deleterious to health. In proof of this statement, you will please to lay before the public, through the medium of your paper, the following facts.

A poor woman, having purchased an ounce of green tea, was struck by the lively blue colour, which the beverage made of it assumed, on pouring into it a tea-spoonful of spirit of hartshorn. This person (a char-woman) being in the habit of frequently partaking of tea in other houses, where she went to work, and being constantly in the habit of adding a tea-spoonful of hartshorn to the tea-beverage, without having observed that singular appearance, which her own tea leaves produced, made a complaint to the grocer, from whose shop the tea was purchased. This person, unconscious of any deleterious admixture, having paid a fair price for his tea, took a sample of the suspected tea-leaves to Mr. Accum, the chemist, who analysed it, and pronounced it to contain copper. So unexpected a result induced the vender of the poisonous tea leaves, whose whole support depended on the

reputation of a fair tradesman, to inquire into the fraud committed upon him. He consulted some of his friends, who received their tea from the same quarter, and it became evident, that the diabolical deceptions practised in this branch of commerce were much greater than was expected. The poisonous tea had all the appearance of the leaves of genuine Hyson; but it was noticed by the chemist, who examined the suspected samples, that a portion of the leaves, when infused in boiling water, became speedily resolved into a fine powder, and that part of this alone remained in an entire state, so as to make it possible to recognize the vegetable structure; and this led to the opinion, that the manufacturer of the poisonous commodity had employed the dust of Hyson tea (the sale of which forms a regular business with many tea-brokers) and moulded it, probably by means of a small quantity of mucilage, into a compound, possessing in every respect the external characters of genuine Hyson tea. This fraud may, therefore, be detected, by merely throwing the sophisticated tea leaves into warm water, which instantly causes them to fall into a fine powder, which speedily settles to the bottom of the vessel. The infusion, when mingled with liquid ammonia, affords a bright blueish green colour, indicating the presence of copper. But the presence of this metal may be more strikingly rendered obvious, by mixing two parts of the suspected tea leaves with one of nitrate of potash, (saltpetre,) and throwing the mixture into a crucible kept red hot in a common fire. The whole of the vegetable matter of the tea will thus become destroyed, and the copper remain behind, in combination with the alkali of the saltpetre. If water, therefore, be poured into the crucible to dissolve the mass, the presence of copper will be incontrovertibly rendered obvious, by the admixture of liquid ammonia, which imparts to the fluid a beautiful sapphire blue colour.

Mr. Accum, in his report, remarks that the copper employed for colouring the tea is in the state of a carbonate, and not as verdigris, which he states totally inapplicable for its fraudulent purpose of giving a bloom to the tea leaves. I need not remind your readers, that all preparations of copper are deadly poisons.

I am, &c.

JAMES MILLAR.

Grove Cottage, Lisson Grove, Sept. 28, 1819.

LITHOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—If any of your readers will briefly state the practical part of Lithography, and describe how the ink is made for the purpose, for the information of myself, amongst others of your subscribers, a favour will be conferred on

Sept. 27, 1819.

Your's from the first,

B—W—.

THE RECRUIT.

My father being an industrious farmer, and not liking to encourage me in the root of all evil—idleness, compelled me to follow his profession, arduous as it was, ere I had attained my ninth year. By the time that I was sixteen, there were but few who could excel me, in agricultural science: 'At the plow,' as Burns says, 'I fear'd no competitor,' nor was I less adroit in the management of scythe, sickle, or flail. Being naturally fond of a good

story, and a trifling draught to give it a zest, I was never at a loss for friends who were willing to accompany me, in the pursuit of both. One night, having been passing a jovial hour with a few 'boon companions' at a neighbouring fair, I returned to my father's hospitable dwelling in a state of inebriety:—he being an utter foe to excess of any description, chided me with much severity, and demanded that I would seek refuge among those friends with whom I had past the night in rioting. As is ever the case, at a time when the blood is heated by intemperance, I felt the independence of my nature, and resolved not to brook usage which I considered dishonourable to my feelings; consequently, without intimating my intention to any one, 'I left my father's house,' resolved to place myself in a situation, where there would be no one to controul me, and be enabled to follow the natural bent of my inclination without being admonished. Passing through the village of A—— the sound of a drum met my ear, and in a moment several light-hearted fellows bedizened with ribbons, marched full before me. Till this hour I ever had an aversion to the life of a soldier, but their music was so enchanting, and the appearance of those in scarlet so prepossessing to my young mind, that, without considering an instant on the rash step I was about to pursue, I grasped the serjeant's hand, and accepted the king's fee. It was useless to reflect, although, in cool moments, I could not refrain from accusing myself of folly, for what, I then conceived to be, inadvertently done. I knew that I was a soldier, and, in that capacity, fully aware of the duty imposed on me. For the first month I was exercised three times a-day, for my shoulders were naturally so round, and my feet so much inclined to point at each other, that my instructor was necessitated to have recourse to harsh measures, ere he could accomplish the design he had in view of making me a good soldier. My chin, having been used to undergo no restraint, felt inconceivably curious on being propped up by a leathern collar, destitute of pliability, and more like an instrument of torture than an ornament to the neck. I was now eighteen years of age, and, although a little of military life 'had given my manners a brush,' totally void of cultivation, I could not spell my own name! About this time a school was established in the regiment, and supported by the voluntary contributions of the officers, which I regularly attended, until I had made myself proficient in writing, reading, and arithmetic. Fortune, now, for the first time, gave me a bewitching smile, and I became as sedulous to her will, (that I might merit the favours she was about to lavish on me,) as in my youth's summer have I been, when striving to initiate myself into the good graces of a charming lass.—I was promoted to the rank of lance corporal, and in the same week, to that of corporal. Two stripes on my arm I was not a little proud of, and, while reflecting on the honour of such a distinction, a serjeant's coat was presented me, and I became the supporter of an halbert. Thus did I continue to rise, progressively, until I had attained my thirtieth year, by which time I was advanced to the enviable post of serjeant major! In this capacity I continued for several years, when the quarter-master of the regiment to which I belonged, dying, I was chosen, unanimously, by the mess, to fill that situation. At first I felt peculiarly embarrassed, my society being so very different to what I had been accustomed to; but no one ever received more polite attention than myself. The officers came to my room, played at Faro, cracked jokes, drank wine,

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and, in short, were as familiar in their conduct towards me, as if I had sprung from a family of the first respectability. I dined at the mess-room usually, but feared to speak, lest I should inadvertently say something unbecoming the rank in which I was placed. A few years, however, have erased the diffidence in my manners, and I feel myself perfectly easy in any society. Having worn away the blossom of my youth in the service of my country, I think it advisable to spend the few remaining years of my transitory life, where I may be free from molestation; consequently, I have signed my resignation, and intend to reside in obscurity. Having seen the world and its vicissitudes, I can leave it without regret. Although troubles have been mine, still have I experienced pleasures, and if both were put into the balance, I make not the least doubt, but that the latter would weigh down the beam. Convinced that retirement is as essential to happiness in old age, as rest to the weary, in the bosom of my family I seek that repose, I have been my whole life continually sighing for; and when the all-powerful monarch DEATH summons me to attend his awful visitation, with a clear conscience (which is the true passport to heaven,) can I resign myself to the grave, soliciting no other rite, as my corpse is deposited in the tomb of my ancestors, than the good man's tear—his benediction!

WILFORD.

MY GRANDMOTHER: A SKETCH.

'Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least, is longest on the wing.'

If you have ever seen an elderly and comely lady sitting at a window in rural retirement, with a folio book open before her on the table; if you have ever noticed such a person respectably drest, with her grey hair shining over her forehead, parted and equally folded under the laceless cap, and a serene aspect ornamenting age with a clear complexion and rose-red cheeks; then you have a little knowledge of my granny, who has ever attended to the cultivation of her hair, and wears her *own* at sixty*: the colour that lives on her skin is not less admirable than an autumn sky, ere the light declines from our observation†. May young ladies remember this! An amiable temper and an abstemious habit have tended to make her feel more cheerful and look healthier than artificial inventions accomplish. She is the opposite to many aged persons, who are restless and waspish, jealous of youthful vivacity, and would seclude the body and spirit from sensible society and sprightly juvenility, ever wrangling at the fashions adopted, because they are not, as an hundred years ago, rustling like the nocturnal sprites, of whom we

* We find the poets often representing the loss of this embellishment, as fatal to a personal beauty, in language of similar import with the subsequent line:—

'Fallen is thy hair, and beauty is no more.'

Those to whom nature had denied this agreeable ornament, supplied the defect by art. The Greeks, and, after their example, the Romans, wore false hair. Hence Shakespeare says, in the 'Merchant of Venice,'

'So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols in the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.'

† A lady's face, like the coat in the 'Tale of the Tub,' if left alone, will wear well; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you destroy the original ground.—*Connoisseur*.

hear in the chimney-corner, till we can scarcely creep to bed, or read in old superstitious books with terrific curiosity. Being fond of the young and having filled her mind with the productions of virtuous excellence, it is her custom, in a winter's evening, to assemble those of the village for light entertainment and mental joy. When the shutters are closed from the furious wind, or the silently-falling snow; when the tea is over, and the little good-humoured company are snugly seated round the sparkling fire, conversation canvasses science, which she kindly explains and wisely improves. For instance, the 'winding-sheet' of a candle is occasioned by the currency of the air: a 'purse,' or a 'coffin,' said to burst from the fire, contains combustible matter, which, when heated, gives the explosion; the 'death-watch' is but the tick of a spider; and an 'owl' flutters to the sick chamber by the attraction of light; that ghosts are but the representations of guilty consciences and deluded imaginations. Hence the mists of superstition are evaporated, and reason's dawn is enlightened. She is a lover of classical and literary publications; acquainted with the modern languages beyond a smattering, she has not neglected her own: another hint for young ladies. Having taken the old maxim into her care—

'Early to bed, and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy and wealthy and wise,'

she is enabled to be benevolent. The will and the ability of doing good, when united, are like the genial showers of a May-day, which descend with the sunshine, healing and strengthening vegetation. The villagers' hopes hover round her like a halo; their prayers and praises comfort her,

'That she may live
Yet many a rolling year with them!'

And how refreshing would be the memories of titled ladies, and with what radiance they would shine, were they, instead of lavishing pounds on animals, and wasting fortunes,

'To clothe the naked, succour the distressed,
Lighten the way to happiness and rest;
To charm the widow and the orphan aid:
In heaven, such acts of love are well repaid.'

J. R. P.

HISTORY AND PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS.

DURING the last few months, the newspapers have teemed with accounts of a series of persecutions commenced against the Jews on the continent, which would disgrace any age and any country; and afford a bad specimen of those *liberal* opinions which we have been told are making so great progress in Germany. 'There was a time' (says the editor of a French journal*) 'when hatred and intolerance manifested themselves against the Jews by insults in legislation: so far there was injustice; but, finally, resignation assisted the Jews in supporting the yoke of exceptions framed even by the hand of the legislator, and consecrated by a long succession of time and traditions; their safety consisted in obeying in silence. Now, intolerance and hatred appear to be disgusted with this sort of triumph; the insufficiency of success irritates. The persecutors mutiny against resignation, they launch forth insolently, they break out violently into clamours, aggressions, and proscriptions. Formerly, religious sus-

* The *Renommée*.

ceptibility accounted for the fury of persecutions. Now, they have not even an abstract pretence: they are organized by calculation; they are prepared in the cold manner of a speculation. Formerly, the Jews, being excluded from entering upon any public career, were permitted at least to embrace that of industry; now it is wished to deprive them of that privilege. Formerly, they were driven from society, and left in repose; now they are pursued out of society in order to be mal-treated and outraged. Civilization has occasioned, as we see, singular vicissitudes: formerly, the Jews were branded by edicts; now, they are assassinated by open violence.*

At Wurtzburg, Darmstadt, Hamburgh, Frankfort, Hanau, Bamberg, Bayreuth, and Dusseldorf, the most frightful excesses have been committed on the unfortunate and unoffending Jews; attempts have been made to fire the houses and villages in which they reside, and proclamations been circulated tending to excite the populace to a general massacre of them. The arm of power, hitherto sufficiently strong in the German States, is unable to repress these outrages; the government issue proclamations for their protection, but the Jews can only gain it by flight; and they are now quitting countries too barbarous for them to inhabit, and governments too feeble for their protection. The simultaneous attacks that have taken place in different cities in Germany give rise to a belief that they form part of the execution of a concerted plan, an odious conspiracy of men against men, a detestable plot formed in contempt of the most holy interests, the most sacred rights!

But these excesses are not confined to Germany. At Copenhagen, the houses of the Jews have been attacked; and the military compelled to fire on the mob. A Jew, well known as a money lender, in his attempt to leave the city, was taken out of his carriage in open day, and so cruelly attacked with stones, that he died shortly afterwards. In Poland, where the Jews are very numerous, similar outrages have been committed against them; and this spirit has even extended itself to Africa, where a new persecution has broke out against this wandering people.

What is most remarkable, is, that the Jews have not given any new provocation; nor is there any assignable cause for such inhuman and uncivilized conduct towards them. Some think it is a jealousy of the extensive trade they carry on in these countries, and, what tends to fortify the opinion of those who think that the Jews have been almost exclusively assailed through hatred of the industrious prosperity of their houses, is, that the towns in which these disasters have taken place are those where the Jews are most distinguished for the success of their commercial undertakings.

The editor of a Sunday paper (the Examiner) thinks that the share the Jews have had in furnishing loans to the Congress, and thus forging the *intended* chains of the people on the continent, may have caused this extensive hatred towards them; but, as it has extended to countries where such motives could have little share in influencing their conduct, we suspect it has been owing to some other cause. As some effort to prevent or punish these outrages, the Jew bankers in Hamburgh, and the Jew contractors in London, have refused to take bills on any cities where their people have been persecuted, or on any *christian* merchants, who, in the 19th century, have abetted these unholy and iniquitous atrocities.

If the prosperity of any religion, during persecution,

were evidence of its truth, the very existence of the Jews would furnish that evidence in their favour, for, notwithstanding the outrages to which they were subjected in the middle ages, they are still to be found in every country. As the subject is one of much interest, we shall notice some material facts in their history, and of the more early persecutions which they have endured.

After the destruction of Jerusalem, on the siege of Titus, the Jews dispersed themselves over the other parts of the world. Many retired into Mesopotamia, and had celebrated academies at Babylon; others were settled at Treves and Cologne, in the times of Adrian and also of Constantine, who permitted them to be magistrates and decurions at Cologne. Theodoric let them roof their synagogues at Genoa. Gregory of Tours mentions them in France, where Chilperic endeavoured to convert some by force, and where they acted as physicians. Charlemagne found them at Pavia, and is said to have employed one as his ambassador to the Persian king. In Spain, they abounded from such early times, that the Jews of Toledo stated themselves to Alonzo VI, to be the descendants of the tribes who had fled from the hostilities of Nebuchadnezzar. They are noticed as being in Spain in the ancient councils of Elvira and Toledo. In the tenth century, they were numerous in Bohemia, and their sufferings from some of the crusaders shew their colonies on the Rhine in Germany in the eleventh century.*

The persecutions of the Jews is to be found in the history of almost every country. And, when we recollect their massacre along the Rhine in 1906, and in England in the time of Richard I, and read of their repeated destructions in Germany; in 1221, at Erfurt; in 1236, at Fulsea, when, on an accusation of their killing christian boys for their blood, the emperor ordered an inquiry whether christian blood was a *necessary* part of their passover, to which the official answer was, that *nothing certain* was known on the subject; in 1240, at Frankfort, they were destroyed with fire and sword; in 1282, at Mentz and other places; in 1298, at Nuremberg, and through all Franconia: that they were also exterminated in Bavaria; that, in 1348, 1349, and 1350, they were killed 'like cattle,' and mercilessly burnt in great numbers at Basle, Friburg, Spires, Worms, Frankfort, Mentz, Alsace, Cologne, and every part of Germany, at which time, because a pestilence ravaged the continent, they were supposed to have caused it by poisoning all the wells†; and at which crisis they found themselves safe no where but at Avignon, where Pope Clement VI. defended them; that, in 1391, they were burnt in Gotha, and even so late as 1510 in Brandenburg.

'When, as Mr. Turner observes, "We recal to mind, that these are only specimens of what they endured in other places, and were, for several centuries, in perpetual danger of every where suffering, we can hardly persuade ourselves that any remnant of the nation, so bitterly persecuted, can now be surviving. And yet, such is the extraordinary history and preservation of this unparalleled people, that above a million are now in Poland, Lithuania, and the Austrian dominions; that, in 1791, they stated their numbers in France, to be above 60,000; that there are 30,000 in Salonica; 22,000 in Amsterdam; 10,000 in Rome; 5000 at Mantua; 2500 at Adrianople; that they are spread over various parts of Germany, and through the Turkish Empire, and abound even in Georgia

* Turner's History of England, vol. ii. p. 95.

† It has been stated by one historian, that a million and a half of Jews were thus cruelly massacred.

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and Mount Caucasus; that they are in Egypt, Morocco, and other parts of Africa; and have for ages penetrated to India and China. At Copenhagen, they have an institution for instructing their youth in Hebrew, German, French, Geography, and Natural History; at Brunswick, they have a similar establishment; also at Berlin; and they have even obtained permission to build a synagogue, and to open public schools there. The Jewish nation must be astonished to find the two opposite vaticinations of their ancient prophets, both so literally fulfilled. That they should be every where scattered, despised, and persecuted; and yet, that amid all their sufferings, their race should be preserved and continued, to be ultimately re-assembled*.

Independent of the religious or anti-religious prejudice against the Jews, which has existed during the whole of the Christian era, their general occupation in all countries, that of usury, is an obnoxious one; and, even in our own country, and at the present day, the name of a money lender is a term of reproach, and associates with it the ideas of rapacity and fraud.

The Jews were celebrated for usury so early as the sixth century. In France, the royal revenue was largely recruited by extorting money from them; but the children of Israel grew rich in despite of insult and oppression, and, if an historian of Philip Augustus may be believed, they possessed almost one half of Paris. The policy of the kings of France was to employ them as a sponge to suck their subjects' money, which they might afterwards extort with less odium than direct taxation would incur. Usury, forbidden by law and superstition to Christians, was confined to this industrious and covetous people. Philip Augustus released all Christians in his dominions from their debts to the Jews, reserving a fifth part to himself, and he afterwards expelled the whole nation from France in 1182; but they appear to have returned again either by stealth, or more probably by purchasing permission. St. Louis twice banished and twice recalled the Jews. One is at a loss to conceive the process of reasoning in an ordinance of this monarch, where, 'for the salvation of his own soul, and those of his ancestors, he releases to all Christians a third part of what was owing by them to Jews†.'

In the twelfth century, we find the Jews not only possessed of landed property in Languedoc, and cultivating the studies of medicine and rabbinical literature in their own academy at Montpellier, under the protection of the Count of Toulouse, but invested with civil offices. Raymond Roger, Viscount of Carcassonne, directs a writ 'to his bailiffs, Christians and Jewish.' In Spain, they were placed by some of the municipal laws on the footing of Christians, with respect to the composition for their lives, and seem in no other country to have been so numerous or so considerable. We find an article in the general charter of privileges, granted by Philip III. of Arragon, in 1283, that no Jew should hold the office of bayle or judge. And two kings of Castile, Alonzo XI. and Peter the Cruel, incurred much odium by employing Jewish ministers in their treasury‡.

Vaisette, in his history of Languedoc§, relates that it was the custom at Toulouse to give a blow on the face to a Jew every Easter; this was commuted in the twelfth century for a tribute. At Beziers, another usage prevailed, that of attacking the Jews' houses with stones from Palm

Sunday to Easter. No other weapon was to be used; but it generally produced bloodshed. The populace were regularly instigated to the assault by a sermon from the bishop. At length, a prelate, wiser than the rest, abolished this ancient practice, but not without receiving a good sum from the Jews.

The Jews were every where the objects of popular insult and oppression, though protected by the laws of the church, as well as, in general, by temporal princes. In the fourteenth century, a body of insurgents in France, who bore the name of *Pastoureaux*, distinguished their short career, by a general massacre of them. In other parts of Europe, their condition had, before that time, begun to change for the worse; partly from the fanatical spirit of the crusades, which prompted the populace to massacre, and partly from the jealousy which their opulence excited. Kings, in order to gain money and popularity at once, abolished the debts due to the children of Israel, except a part which they retained as the price of their bounty; and, not content with this, the kings of France sometimes banished the whole nation from their dominions, seizing their effects at the same time. A season of alternate severity and toleration thus continued till the year 1395, when, under Charles VI., they were finally expelled from the kingdom, where they never afterwards possessed any legal settlement*. The Jews were banished from Spain, where there was half a million of them, in 1492; from Portugal, in 1500; and from Vienna, in 1669. They have been also driven from Naples.

In England, the Jews were not less cruelly treated, often the victims of royal rapacity and popular indignation; by the one, money was extorted from them; and by the other, they were wantonly massacred. But we defer an account of their history and persecutions in this country, which equals in barbarity their treatment in any other, to our next.

THE COW-TREE.

The following interesting account of this wonder of the vegetable world, is from the 4th volume of the *Travels of M. de Humboldt* :—

'Amid the great number of curious phenomena which have presented themselves to me in the course of my travels, I confess there are few that have so powerfully affected my imagination, as the aspect of the cow-tree. Whatever relates to milk, whatever regards corn, inspires an interest, which is not merely that of the physical knowledge of things, but it is connected with another order of ideas and sentiments. We can scarcely conceive how the human race could exist without farinaceous substances, and without that nourishing juice which the breast of the mother contains, and which is appropriated to the long feebleness of the infant. The amylaceous matter of corn, the object of religious veneration among so many nations, ancient and modern, is diffused in the seeds and deposited in the roots of vegetables; milk, which serves as an aliment, appears to us exclusively the produce of animal organization. Such are the impressions we have received in our earliest infancy: such is also the source of that astonishment which seizes us at the aspect of the tree just described. It is not here the solemn shades of forests, the majestic course of rivers, the mountains wrapped in eternal frost, that excite our emotion. A few drops of vegetable juice recall to our minds all the powerfulness and fecundity of nature. On the barren flank of rocks grows a tree with coriaceous and dry leaves. Its large woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the

* Turner's History of England, vol. ii. p. 96.

† Martenne, *Thesaurus Anecdotorum*, t. i. p. 934.

‡ Hallam's Europe during the Middle Ages, vol. iii. p. 404.

§ Vol. ii. p. 151, 485.

* Hallam, vol. iii. p. 405.

stone. For several months of the year not a single shower moistens its foliage. Its branches appear dead and dried; but when the trunk is pierced, there flows from it a sweet and nourishing milk. It is at the rising of the sun that this vegetable fountain is most abundant. The blacks and natives are then seen hastening from all quarters, furnished with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow, and thickens at its surface. Some employ their bowls under the tree itself, others carry the juice home to their children. We seem to see the family of a shepherd, who distributes the milk of his flock.

'I have described the sensations which the cow-tree awakens in the mind of the traveller at the first view. In examining the physical properties of animal and vegetable products, science displays them as closely linked together; but it strips them of what is marvellous, and perhaps, also, of a part of their charms, of what excited our astonishment. Nothing appears isolated; the chemical principles, that were believed to be peculiar to animals, are found in plants; a common chain links together all organic nature.'

Original Poetry.

EPIGRAM

Occasioned by the delay of the Spanish Fleet.

THE Cadiz Fleet can't bend their sails,
The Yellow Fever so prevails.
I rather think, 'tis the reverse
That brings on Ferdinand the curse:
The Yellow Fever is so low,
They cannot 'raise the wind' to go.

O. F.

A LAWYER'S EXULTATION;

Occasioned by the disputes and troubles in which Mr. Waters, of the Opera House, is involved.

BROTHER! there 's nothing more to wish:—
No need to shift our quarters;
In other words—No want of fish,
Now we've found troubled Waters*.

MENIPPUS.

SONNET ON THE FATE OF PARGA.

FREEMEN have murder'd Freedom;—it is past!
The deed of shame is done;—fixed is the seal.
Parga!—'tis thine the doom of slave to feel;
'Tis thine upon my country's fame to cast
A deep deep shade, from which years shall not steal
An atom of its hideousness; nor veil
From future ages as abhorred a crime
As is recorded on the page of time!
Oh, Albion, thou art fallen! 'twas thy boast
The foot of slave ne'er press'd upon thy soil,
But he became, as thine own children, free;
Now thou canst see unmoved a hireling host
Destroy poor Parga—though, 'mid Europe's broil,
She look'd with faith, and hope, and trust, to thee!

J. W. D.

TO JULIA, LOOKING IN HER GLASS.

SWEETEST! turn not from the mirror,
'Tis not wrong thy charms to view;
Nought of ugliness or error
May be seen in them or you.

Tell me, Julia, why this blushing?
Charms that all the world admires,
Eyes so sparkling, cheeks so flushing,
Lips that wake love's warmest fires.

* 'It is good fishing in troubled waters.'—PROV.

Surely, you, their fair possessor,
May upon those beauties gaze;
Your glass, of flattery no possessor,
Only will confirm our praise.
Oh, how much of worth were in it,
Could th' reflection there remain,
Which sparkled for a transient minute,
Which glittered—and was gone again!

J. W. D.

ODE TO MUSIC.

ILLUSTRIOUS vot'ress of my raptur'd soul,
Mistress of fancy! envoy from above!
Nor shall the sordid purse, nor flowing bowl,
Lure me from thee, sweet friend of hallowed love!
How the soft strains of thy enamour'd lyre,
And the full concord of thy warmest lays,
Swell my proud heart! now bursts its latent fire;
Now moves to ecstasy, and now to praise!

Thou mighty nymph of glorious origin,
Chaste as the icelet's drop of humid dew;
Oh, teach my ever lovely Imogene,
Teach her to sing of happiness and you!

Thalia and Erato shall grace thy train,
And elegance with vest of blushing blue,
Festive shall dance along the sportive plain,
And crown her maids with wreaths of em'rald hue!

Chase the dull cares of sorrow's sullen gloom;
Light up sweet-smiling mirth to brighter joys;
For black-tongued discord shall not fix thy doom,
Nor raise her tumult of offensive noise!

Thy syren sounds shall greet my 'raptur'd ear,
And teach me to despise all other bliss;
Nor linken chain, nor dungeon will I fear;
Nor tremble I at hair-snaked envy's hiss!

J. P. T.

THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

'NEATH yon rock, whose rough summit frowns o'er the wild
main,
Prepar'd each assault of its surges to brave,
Fair Amphitrite often resorts with her train,
To strew with her treasures the mariner's grave.
There, calm and serene, sleeps as gallant a form,
As ever in combat encountered a foe,
A heart, with humanity, tender and warm,
An eye that would weep at the mention of woe.
Poor fellow, ere manhood began its career,
'The arrows of fortune, relentlessly dealt,
Compell'd him to wander from those he held dear,
Far—far—from the cot where his forefathers dwelt.
The ocean receiv'd him when all on him frown'd,
And hail'd the poor wandering youth as its own;
'Mid war's active scenes consolation he found,
His cares and his sorrows no longer were known.
With bosom undaunted he often has stood,
When round him in heaps his brave messmates have died;
Nor yielded to fear, tho' his heart's warmest blood
In torrents has stream'd from his deep-wounded side.
Nor e'en when old ocean, in horror array'd,
In furious rebellion has warr'd 'gainst the sky,
Did fear on his rough-honest face cast a shade,
Or coward despair dim the fire of his eye.
Unmov'd as the rock, 'neath whose base he now lies,
'Midst lightnings blue flashes his form has been seen,
When bursting with terrific glare from the skies,
While peels of deep thunder re-echo'd between.

But, O! what avails all that mortals possess,
When death stands prepared to unfold them their doom;
Tho' titles or wealth may contribute to bless,
Their owners they cannot preserve from the tomb.

Poor Tom's daring valour could nothing avail,
Stern Death fix'd his dart in the breast of the brave;
And where his firm bosom was ne'er known to fail,
One night fraught with terror consign'd him a grave.

His corse the next morning, by fishers descried,
Beneath the rude rock was with decency laid,
And now the low murmur of ocean's deep tide
A requiem composes to soothe his pale shade.

No parent to mourn for his loss now remains,
No maiden in anguish now drops the sad tear,
No dirge has the brave, save the dissonant strains
Of sea-gulls, whose scream tells the tempest is near.

Unheeded by him, the rude whirlwind may urge
The billows of ocean in fury to roar;
Tho' Death ride exulting above the wild surge,
Tom's bosom can yield to his mandate no more.

In peace now he lies, till the last trumpet's breath,
In echoes most awful, resound o'er the wave,
And, bursting asunder the cold bonds of death,
Shall open, for ever, the mariner's grave.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN.—The opera of *Guy Mannering* was performed at this theatre on yesterday se'nnight, with great success. The novelty of the evening was the Dominic Sampson of Mr. Farren, who, in consequence of the illness of Mr. Liston, ventured on the character for the first time, in London, although he had frequently played it in Dublin, where it was thought one of his best performances. Those who think the character best represented by ludicrous humour, will no doubt prefer Liston, although this gentleman displayed considerable feeling in some of the scenes. If Mr. Farren's Dominic did not so much excite the risible faculties of the audience as that of Mr. Liston, it was a chaster performance; and he seized, not only the outline, but the minuter shades, with truth and skill, and excited unexpected mirth, by many new conceptions, touched off in the happiest manner. The utmost consistency was preserved throughout the whole of the delineation, and it was gratifying to see, in the comparison of the two efforts, how far it was possible for two men of talent to act upon one view of a character, and yet to differ in the turn of humour so as to succeed in effecting variety without contradiction. Miss Tree was very successful in the part of Lucy Bertram; she sung, 'Rest thee Babe' and 'Young Love,' with delightful sweetness, and was rapturously encored. Duruset resumed the part of Henry Bertram, and sang with much spirit.

On Monday, Mr. Charles Kemble sustained the character of Hamlet, with considerable ability. There was a great deal of dignity in his appearance and demeanour; but, in some parts, he was too declamatory. His best scenes were with Polonius and the Courtiers, and in the interview with Ophelia, in the representation of the play. The melancholy gaiety with which he gave the lighter passages, in his polished manner, interrupted by bursts of passion, kindled the audience into enthusiasm. The part of Ophelia was announced for Miss Tree, but her sudden indisposition prevented her appearing in it, and it was

played by Miss Matthews, who looked the character charmingly.

The continued indisposition of Mr. Liston has thrown another of his characters into the hands of Mr. Farren, that of Baillie Nicol Jarvie, in the opera of *Rob Roy*, which he sustained with considerable ability, on Wednesday evening.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Mr. Harley has had a good benefit, in which he gave numerous imitations, with great success. And, on the following evening, the house was 'crowded to the ceiling,' for the benefit of Mr. O'Callaghan and Mr. Reeve. The play was the *Castle of Andalusia*, in which Mr. O'Callaghan sustained the part of Don Cæsar with great ability; and, in the songs in this piece, as well as those of the *Melange*, we had to regret that he had not been more frequently before the public. This, however, has no doubt been owing to the preponderance of light farcical operettas during the season. Mr. Reeve played Pedrillo, and convinced us that he possesses very slender talents as an actor. Nor were his imitations good, if we except those of Kean and Blanchard, and Munden, in the character of Crack, in the *Turnpike Gate*, in which he was very successful.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

The new bank-notes are in a state of forwardness, and will be ready for issuing in a short time. They are formed upon an entirely new principle, and can only be printed by machinery of a most expensive description, which has been invented for that purpose, and is now nearly completed. We have heard it is the opinion of those who are esteemed competent judges, that it will be next to an impossibility to forge the new note. —It has been submitted to several of the first artists in Europe, who have declared their inability to produce a *fac simile*.

Comets.—A German astronomer, M. Hayer, has published a new hypothesis respecting comets. He conceives that these celestial bodies are composed of water only, and that their tails are but solar rays passing through the medium; that they attract to themselves a quantity of impure gas floating in the air, which is again dispersed as they approach the sun. They originate a great quantity of oxygen gas, and thus contribute to purify the atmosphere and promote vegetation.

Stuart Papers.—The committee appointed for inspecting these papers have, for the present, suspended their labours. The papers are extremely voluminous, and run irregular, and the whole are being arranged by some gentleman conversant in such matters, previous to the committee's again assembling, which consists of Sir James Macintosh, Mr. Wynn, Mr. Heber, &c.

Chinese Ink.—The Chinese make ink of the leaves of the wageboom. The process is simple: the leaves, dry or fresh, are boiled with a rusty iron nail, and a piece of sugar-candy added, when the decoction becomes a fine black ink, used for writing, dyeing, or as a black reviver.

Arts and Manufactures.

A shirt without seams.—Thomas Hall, an ingenious linen weaver, in Ireland, has lately finished a shirt entirely in his loom. It is woven throughout without seams, is very neatly and accurately gathered at the neck, shoulders, and wrists. The neck and wristbands are doubled and stitched—there is a regular selvage on each side of the breast; the shoulder straps and gussets are neatly stitched, as well as the wrists. In short, it is as perfectly finished, as if made by an expert sempstress. This shirt has been exhibited to several

gentlemen in the linen trade, who have completely satisfied themselves, that it is actually the production of the loom, without any assistance from the needle.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

In an index to the Statutes at Large, is the following singular reference, 'Magistrates—See Rogues and Vagabonds.'

Advertisements (From a New York Paper.)—Eighteen years time of a *negro boy* and a *pianoforte* will be sold cheap. One hundred and ten farms, (172 acres each,) cleared and cultivated lands, to be sold; *dry goods* and *groceries* would be taken in payment!

Chronological Precision.—In the Index to the temporary Acts of Parliament, last published, we meet in two of the columns, with the following information:—

<i>Acts of Parliament.</i>	<i>Time of expiry.</i>
Act for the Discovery of a	When discovered!
North West Passage.	

Coincidence between Fairfax and Lorenzo de Medecis.—In the twenty-first stanza of the third book of the 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' where Tancred inadvertently encounters Clorinda, and knocks off her helmet, Tasso says,—

'E le chiome dorate al vento sparse,
Giovane donna in 'mezzo 'l campo apparse.'

In his translation of the passage, Fairfax introduces a very splendid image of his own—

'About her shoulders shone her golden locks,
Like sunny beams on alabaster rocks.'

Tasso merely observes, that a young female appeared before him, with her golden locks shaken out in the wind. The exquisitely graceful addition of the translator may, however, be traced to a sonnet, by Lorenzo de Medecis, with whose writings Fairfax was doubtless very well acquainted.

'Quando sopra i nevosi ed alti monti
Apollo spande il suo bel lume adorno
Tal i crin suoi sopra la bianca gonna.'—Sonnet 73.
'O'er her white dress her shining tresses flowed;
Thus on the mountain heights, with snow o'erspread,
The beams of noon their golden lustre shed.'

Roscoe's Life of Leo, 1, 259.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our readers will observe, that the *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review* is this day published by J. Limbird, 53, Holywell Street, near St. Clement's Church, Strand, to whom orders, communications, &c. (post paid) are requested to be forwarded in future.

Emma, The Gossip, Cash, Aphorisms, and Y. F., in our next.

'Sprinkler' is not in the author's happiest style.

* * M. as early as possible. The letter to which he alludes did not reach us.

We should have been happy to insert the letter of DRAMATICUS, if we did not think that, by doing so, we should rather injure than serve Mr. F.

'The Cit in the Country' is requested to send to our office for a letter.

Errata, p. 253, col. 1, line 38, for 'thought' read 'sought'; p. 301, col. 2, line 1, for 'lifts' read 'lift'; line 47, for 'unbounding' read 'unbending'; p. 302, line 9, for 'these' read 'thee.'

It has been suggested to us, that our readers, who may have friends in the country or abroad, will scarcely be able to afford them a more gratifying mental treat, than by forwarding the *Literary Chronicle*, in parts. The Second Part, price 5s. 6d., consisting of ten numbers, is published this day, sewed, with an Index. The extent and variety of its contents, which embrace every novelty in Literature and Science, as well as Original Correspondence on subjects of great and permanent importance, will, we trust, recommend it to all classes of society, and ensure us a continuance of that patronage, for which we feel truly grateful, and now beg to return our best thanks.

COLONIAL JOURNAL.

The Subscribers to this Work, and the Public, are respectfully informed, that Numbers IV and IX, are published this day. By Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster Row.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED SEPARATE.

This day is published, by Wetton and Jarvis, 65, Paternoster Row,

1. THE WISDOM of BEING RELIGIOUS, from ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON. 12mo. Price 4s.

2. THE DUTY and REWARDS of INDUSTRY. By the Rev. ISAAC BARROW, formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge. 12mo. Price 5s. extra boards.

These may be well applied as Reward Books for Youth.

* * The separate Publication of the above Works seem imperiously called for at this particular juncture, when attempts are making to disseminate infidelity, by the revival of Works, subversive of every principle of religion and social order.

This day is published, price 5s. 6d. boards,

THE SHOOTER'S COMPANION; or, Directions for the Breeding and Management of Setters and Pointers, with an Historical Description of Winged Game. The Fowling Piece considered, particularly as it relates to the Use of Percussion Powder. The various Methods of making Percussion Powder, and the best pointed out. Of Scent: the Olfactory Organs anatomically explained; with the Reason why one Dog's Sense of Smell is superior to another's. Shooting illustrated; and the Art of Shooting Flying simplified and clearly laid down. The Game Laws, and every Information connected with the use of the Fowling Piece. By T. B. JOHNSON, Author of 'Thomas's Shooter's Guide,' 'Needham's Complete Sportsman,' &c. With Plates.

London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown; and W. Grapel, Liverpool.

MRS. ROCHE'S NEW WORK.

On the 12th of October will be published, in four large volumes, THE MUNSTER COTTAGE BOY; a Tale, by Regina Maria Roche, Author of the Children of the Abbey, &c. Printed for A. K. NEWMAN and Co. Leadenhall Street.

The following have appeared this Summer:

CESARIO ROSALBA; or, the Oath of Vengeance, a Romance, by Anne of Swansea, 5 vols. 11 7s. 6d.

ISKANDER; or, The Hero of Epirus, by Arthur Spencer, 3 vols. 15s.

THE CASTLE OF VILLA FLORA; a Portuguese Tale, by a British Officer, 3 vols. 16s. 6d.

THE BLACK CONVENT; a Tale of Feudal Times, 11s. 2 vols.

MAN AS HE IS, by the Author of 'Man as He is not,' Third Edition, 4 vols. price 20s.

THE CASTLE OF SANTA FE; a Romance, 2nd Edition, 4 vols. 11s.

THE HIGHLANDER, a Tale of My Landlady, 2 vols. 11s. boards.

LIVER COMPLAINTS.

Just published, the Third Edition, very considerably enlarged, Price 8s. 6d. 8vo. boards,

FACTS and OBSERVATIONS on LIVER COMPLAINTS, and those various and extensive derangements of the Constitution, arising from Hepatic irregularity and obstruction; depicting the sources which lead to a morbid state of the Digestive Organs; with practical remarks on the different properties of the Biliary and Gastric Secretions, and upon other important points essential to Health; prescribing a new and successful mode of Treatment, illustrated by numerous Cases, being the result of an extensive Experience in various Climates, particularly directed to these Diseases; addressed equally to the Invalid as to those of the Profession. By JOHN FAITHORN, formerly Surgeon in the Hon. East India Company's service.

London: Printed for Longman and Co., Paternoster Row; sold also by Whyte and Co., Edinburgh; Hodges, Dublin; Edwards, Cork; and Manning, Belfast.

LONDON:—Published by J. LIMBIRD, 53, Holywell Street, near St. Clement's Church, Strand; where advertisements are received, and communications 'for the Editor' (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Souther, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; Wetton and Jarvis, Paternoster Row; Chapple, Pall Mall; Grapel, Liverpool; and by all Booksellers and News-venders in the United Kingdom. Printed by DAVIDSON, Old Boswell Court.